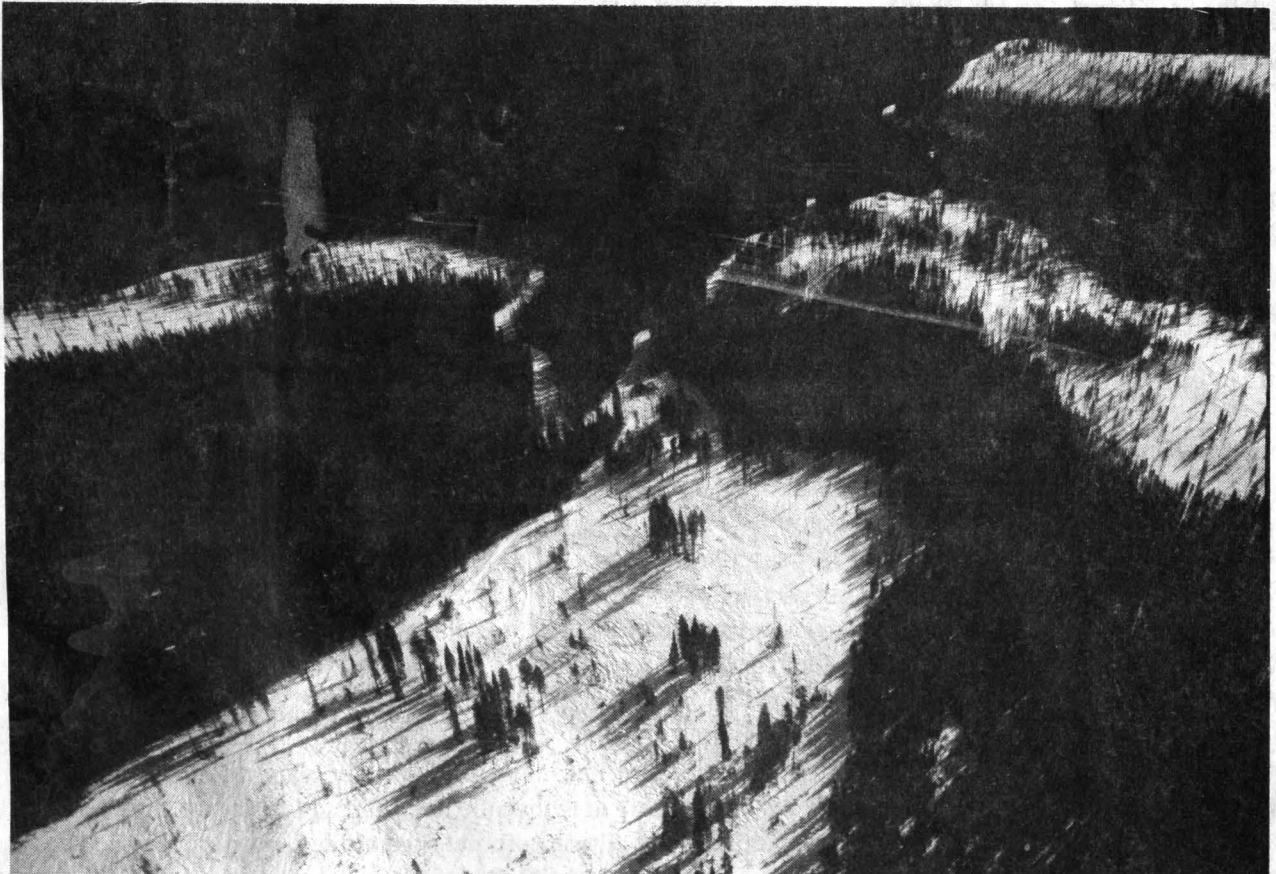


The Wild Rockies

Review

"Flippant, Cynical and Tongue-in-Cheek at Best; Hostile, Degrading, and Defiling at Worst."

—Dallas Virchow



Grouse Sale, Mallard Ex-Roadless Area: Logged Autumn 1993.
What Should They Forfeit for This Crime?

Yeah? You and What Army?

Boy it sure is fun being in the Wild Rockies these days! I am filled with *sooo* much positive energy I feel like making up little songs and behaving in a bright and perky manner. Just think of all the wonderful things we have to be thankful for! Why, Deb and Kim are in the slammer for *refusing to talk to the Secret Police and a kangaroo court!* The nerve of those gals! The SLAPP suit slaps on, with lawyers deposing everyone in sight and asking searching questions about the campaign role of Custard the Dog, who is, by the way, also known to the Gold Hill Resource Coalition as the endangered Selway Snow Pig, which environmeddlers are going to use to shut down logging in Idaho... And so many of our good friends who stood up for the forest in Cove/Mallard last season have been given sentences for heinous crimes like trespassing which are more heavy-handed than that given for one of a group of loggers' planned ambush and assault on a wolf researcher. Oh, and lest I forget, the land is dying all around us.

Oh Idaho is a fine state, don't you think? If it can just get rid of that pesky Federal Constitution, it can outlaw all forms of speech that criticize the government and extractive industries. But wait! Stop the presses! Is it true? Oh yes it is! They've made it illegal (a felony, no less) to tell people to come and stop logging in Ideeeehohohoho! I guess we're all going to jail now for many years for saying mean things about a State-sanctioned industry! Ain't it rich, ain't it grand! You know, it's people like the august members of the Idaho state legislature who are making this country the shit-bag place it's rapidly becoming. Did any of you people take an oath of office? And you, Andrus, you spineless worm, how dare you sign a bill into law you know is blatantly unconstitutional? Go slither off into retirement where you belong. When any of us get busted under this law for *saying* something, your state is going to *pay*. ACLU lawyers. Big cash. National humiliation. Get the picture?

I'm no flag-waving patriot, Christ only knows, but the liberality and idealism of the constitution amazes me more and more, and I'm beginning to think the government's reluctant adherence to it is the only thing between us and the torture chambers. Certainly the people and politicians of the Inland Northwest would sell us all down the river in a heartbeat in order to pander to money, ignorance and bigotry.

But maybe Idaho can get some Freemen like we've got here in Montana, who stand up people's rights (well, so long as you're white) and individual freedoms (as long as you mean by that the continuing subsidy of mining, timber and grazing...), and overturn all that interfering *Fed'ral* law, and just go ahead and lynch everyone industry doesn't like. With the frenzy being whipped up by the likes of Barry Clausen, mob-action profiteer that he is, we can expect lots o' violence towards environmentalists coming from folks who are too damn dumb to realize the true causes of their ongoing impoverishment and social collapse. It ain't us; hell, we're *losing* this fight to all you corporate-bankrolled, shiny pickup-driving, satellite TV-watching, ATV-riding, earth-ripping machine-operators—despite the fact that we get in your face from time to time and confront you with the truth. Well, you'll get yours too, because when the corporations have finished off the trees and dug up all the minerals and left you with wrecked mountains, mud-choked rivers and poisoned water, they'll take their money and depart for greener pastures and you'll have *nothing*. And if you are too stupid or willfully blinkered to understand that, then to hell with you. You've had a hundred years in the Northern Rockies and you've ruined the place.

The *Wild Rockies Review* is a freely distributed, non-profit newsletter written and produced by volunteers. It is supported by reader contributions. The *Review* cheerfully accepts any and all contributions that further biocentric philosophy and direct action in defense of wilderness and biodiversity. If you submit under a *nom de guerre*, we'd much rather not know who you really are. It makes things a lot easier when being *questioned*. All material in this newsletter may be freely copied.

Our address is:
The Wild Rockies Review
POB 9286
Missoula, MT 59807

The Editor this issue is Rhubarb, with help from Theropods and Lowbaggers.
*Passages from Shakespeare's *Richard II* taken from the edition by P.F. Collier & Son, New York, 1925.

- | | |
|----|---|
| 6 | Q. Say, on the side there it says photo |
| 7 | by Custard. Do you know who Custard is? |
| 8 | A. Yes. |
| 9 | Q. Custard? |
| 10 | A. Custard. |
| 11 | Q. Who is Custard? |
| 12 | A. Custard is James' dog. |

U p-po deserve nothing but contempt. 🐾

—FERAL CHAINSAW

MAKE DUST OUR PAPER, AND WITH RAINY EYES
WRITE SORROW ON THE BOSOM OF THE EARTH.*

Made from 100% post-consumer ocelot

Jeezus! And I Thought the Journal Had Too Many Letters to the Editor...

Dear Darryl Echt:

In tackling the question, "How to menstruate with integrity?" you told us in a recent issue of *WRR* to say "no" to 'pons and pads and say "yes" to strips of cloth. Groovy for the planet, groovy for personhood. Well, Girlfriend, from one menstruant to another, these swaths ain't always so groovy.

Take a woman who disdains underwear and adores physical activity. How does she keep these mobile swaths in place and doing their absorption thing? I fit that personality profile and believe me, I've had many an errant swath follow the path of Newton's apple with nothing to impede the fall.

So how about this option for we fussy, hyper, but integrity-oriented types: sea-vegetable sponges? They are reusable, they cost about \$4, they are available in stores that carry natural body products, they are vegan-friendly, and the insertion mechanics are intuitive if not familiar for recovering tampon-users. Moreover—and you would like this, Darryl—the sea motif means that the sponge puts a woman in tune with the ululations of the universe and the moontides of her body.

Who knows? You might end up wanting to "pack" one when you don't even need to.
—Flow-Jo

Dear Onan the Barbarian,

Thanks for your critical analysis of the NRAT plea bargain. I was myself intimately involved in the case, and it was a hard day when my six alleged co-conspirators took the poison bait and began wiping their hands of the whole affair. Many times in the months that followed I wished it would go away too.

I know that each person took the deal for different reasons although I don't claim to know what those reasons are. Not all proclaim to be Internationally Important. Some were just plain tired of all the BS, scared of going to jail for a felony, ready to get on with other things.

The atmosphere in the room where the deal was struck was thick with the self-serving steam coming from the lawyers, allegedly those representing *us*. We had gone from doing what we perceived to be best for the forest to deciding on what would be best for each one of us personally. I felt very intimidated by the two lawyers sitting across the table from us. They obviously did not want to go back into the courtroom with this case. Neither did the prosecutor for that matter. After about 3-4 hours of dickering over how many days in jail and how much money in fines we would have to pay, we all just wanted it to be over. Some chose one particular road, not necessarily the easiest, and I chose the road less traveled (sorry for the cliché!).



THE PALE-FAC'D MOON LOOKS BLOODY ON THE EARTH
AND LEAN-LOOK'D PROPHETS WHISPER FEARFUL CHANGE

In this Issue:

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- 7.....Timber Lockouts
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- 17.....Bunny Huggers
- 18.....Court & Jail Yucks
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I want to clarify one thing from your "Dilettante Activism" article which was incorrect. We wasted \$2500 on the lawyer who eventually helped devise the plea bargain, not \$500 as you had stated. (That's two thousand five hundred dollars).

I agree with you that part of the Civil Disobedience process is to have the case go to court and to face whatever demented verdict the court may hand down, especially when the charge is such a trumped-up one like "Conspiracy to Commit Grand Theft." At the time I found myself in a unique situation. With my alleged co-conspirators finished with this case and working on Cove/Mallard and other campaigns from coast to coast, I was facing a conspiracy charge without anyone to have conspired with. All parties involved realized the ridiculous nature of the charge and tried to push it as far away as possible. My court-appointed attorney in Grangeville, ID, negotiated an agreement with the prosecution and the judge to move the case away until March and April, with the trial scheduled for April 3rd or thereabouts. My lawyers seemed to feel that the further away things got from last summer, the calmer the community would become and the more likely complete dismissal of the case would be.

But, of course, the point of pushing for a trial is not to let the community forget about the fact that they are a party to the destruction of the last remaining areas of big wild in this land. They need to be reminded every day that the lives of the species of the forest are worth more than their resource extraction jobs and obsolete lifestyle.

Anyway, in order for the case to be prolonged as my lawyers wished, I would have had to waive my right to a speedy trial. This I would not do, at least until we'd had an opportunity to argue the three motions for dismissal that we filed with the court. But at the end of January it was six months since District Court Judge Reinhardt first heard this case. At that point the

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The Little Badger Allotment: Permitting Bear-Murder

Wildlife advocates have watched carefully while the Forest Service dragged out its reappraisal of sheep grazing in the Badger-Two Medicine area south of Glacier Park for nearly two years. Here along the Rocky Mountain Front, the conflict between the livestock industry and the Endangered Species Act couldn't be clearer.

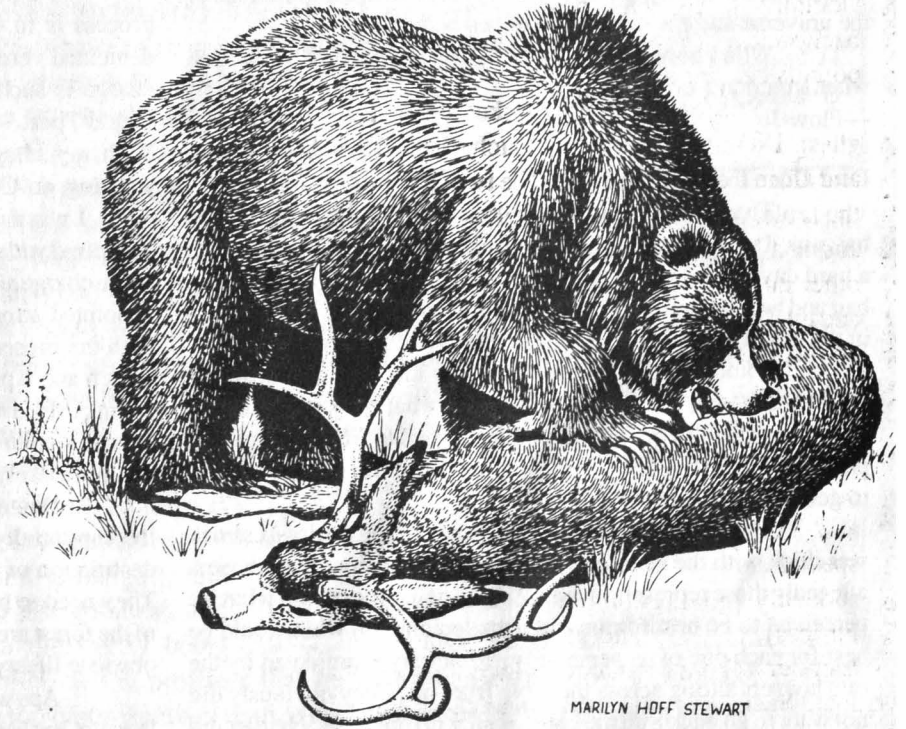
Adjoining the last American wilderness where the paths of gray wolves and grizzlies cross, the Badger-Two Medicine area has for years been the center of a bitter struggle pitting environmentalists and Blackfeet traditionalists against the feds, Chevron, and Fina Oil over permits to drill exploratory oil and gas wells. The Blackfeet, to whom the mountains of the Badger-Two Medicine are sacred and who challenge the federal government's claim to the land, have joined wilderness and wildlife advocates worldwide in opposition to this appalling plan to develop this critical wilderness. Despite an avalanche of nearly a thousand negative comments, Forest Supervisor Gorman signed the drilling permits.

Wildlife advocates have long regarded the grazing allotment on this land with a mixture of anger and amazement. Even federal land managers recognize running sheep in occupied grizzly habitat guarantees conflicts—for years, sheep have been turned out to pasture on the Little Badger allotment and bears ate them. The Lewis and Clark Forest Plan itself requires phasing out sheep allotments in Situation 1 grizzly habitat—those areas considered critical to grizzly survival, including the entire Little Badger allotment. Since the Forest Plan was adopted, gray wolves have crossed the Canadian border and moved south through Glacier Park to recolonize the Rocky Mountain Front, adding to activists' worries. Unable to ignore threats to Endangered Species, the Freddie's wrote into the Forest Plan a gaping loophole allowing grazing to continue so long as "...any future conflicts between sheep grazing and grizzly bears will be resolved in favor of the bear." This left Forest Service bio-crats an opening to rationalize leaving the allotment open.

The plan they wrote requires the permittee to report

any wolves or grizzlies near his sheep. Because he'll lose his permit if he doesn't, the bio-crats claim he'll cooperate. But if wolves or bears appear on the allotment, he'd have one chance to move his sheep; if the predators follow—and no one doubts they would—his sheep would be forced off the allotment. In either case, he'd end up trailing his sheep back to private pastures. What he stands to gain by reporting bears or wolves on his allotment is at best an open question.

The plan's success at protecting endangered species depends entirely on the cooperation of the permittee. The permittee is an old Sagebrush Rebellion stalwart, long known for grouching about the goddamn government and dragging the feds into court because the Endangered Species Act got in the way of killing the goddamn bears. When a friend of mine—a sheep herder—showed up at this guy's ranch asking for work, the permittee apparently launched on a long tirade about the goddamn bears that ended in his



MARILYN HOFF STEWART

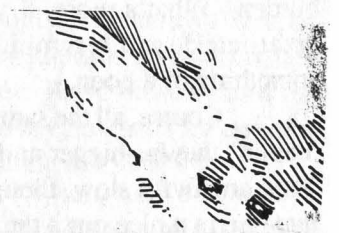
explanation of how he dealt with them. The sheep herder claims that the permittee bragged that he allegedly set out coffee cans filled with poisoned honey around each sheep camp. Drawn by the irresistible smell of the poor, dumb, fat sheep, the bears supposedly find the laced honey and lick the cans clean.

Continued on page 16

THIS DEAR DEAR LAND... IS NOW LEAS'D OUT.

Two Words to the Wicked

—BY THE OLD REPROBATE



I've a word I want to say to some of you folks out there, if you're the kind of folks what live a bit beyond yer means, as some is wont to do. And that word, you good-hearted simple-minded thieves, is this one: overconsumption. It's a long word, I know, but it's worth chewing on.

Y'see, we had a fella out here, a couple-three weeks ago, one of these liberal-minded fellas from Californie, who figgered that since the All-One-Capitalist-Industrial-Ecorazing-Corporate-State was destroying and degradating our dearly loved earth, then it ought at least buy his lunch as well. I mean this fella had a case of the light fingers, and *bad*. Couldn't hardly walk past a store with him without his backpack, pockets, overcoat and hat getting about three pounds heavier each.

You couldn't have asket for a more considerate guest. I'd start at frying up a batch of waffles in the morning and afore I'd be done there'd be two new bottles of syrup on the table, pure maple too. Look at something in a window and it'd be there when I got home. Thing was, all sorts a other stuff started showing up too. Automatic cherry-pitters and elk figurines and whole libraries of new books. Thought about puttin' another add-on to the trailer just to have a place to keep it all.

Now I don't mean to sound ungrateful but it sort a took the fun out a being poor. There I'd been, trying to figure out whether I was going to buy *Riders of the Purple Sage* or *Red Harvest*, and thinking that each one was somethin special and it was gonna be a treat either way, and now suddenly I got the complete works (Norton critcal editions no less), of Grey and Hammet both— and Christie and Lamour to boot (neither of which I've ever had much time for). Seemed to make them somehow less valuable.

To my thinking, each little thing has *got* to be valuable, if we're going to get ourselves and our world out of the handbasket. A book should be a rare thing, paper being so hard-bought of the forest. A fella ought to have to stop and count his change when he buys a bottle of syrup, and think of all that long way it's come on roads that oughtn't be there. The good thing about being poor is you cain't use up so much. The only bad thing about it is that everybody isn't.

But I shouldn't a said that about thieves

being simple-minded. It isn't that. I know there's plenty of good reason for it, and I sure don't hold no truck with Johnny Law neither. Thing is, I was in the thievin' way myself oncet, and I know how it can be. I got wealth-blind. I could have anything I wanted, which is a pretty powerful thing when you keep being told how much you want. I stole too much, and I seen others doing it too.

I seen "vegans" eating Haagen-Das that they thought was okay 'cause it wasn't paid for. Only, when you think about it, it was paid for, just not by them. The store had already ordered it, and since it was off the shelves they were going to order more. Same with stealing building materials from a lumber yard or construction lot. Stealing still creates a demand, and the demand creates more resource consumption, which is just another way of saying ecocide. Think about it.

Well, that was the bug I wanted to put in y'all's ear for you to chew on, just the idea that just because somthing's free don't mean it's free, if you see what I mean. But you know what got me started on all this was something else I was thinking about. So it coming on Spring here I'd just like to add a word about poaching.

Poaching could be a whole concept here, about something like thieving only getting the stuff before market so's you don't create any demand. Seems like it could refer to a whole slew of different kinds of things, I don't know, but it seems all I can think about is sheep. Sheep being those rapacious little wooly things that destroy soil stability quicker'n spit and cause any number of wolves, bears, coyotes and other wild 'n' native critters to be untimely murdered.

Thing is, they can make awful good eating—'specially the young ones. The store-boughten meat has that acrid taste of dead predators and degraded watersheds... but the taste of poached sheep is different: sweet and tender and the clear cricks runnin' through the thick meadows, and the old bears ambling along. Thing is, when you poach one a them little mowers, you're not creating any demand a-tall. You're making production more costly, and most impor-

Continued next page

SO MANY GREEDY LOOKS OF YOUNG AND OLD


THROUGH CASEMENTS DARTED THEIR DESIRING EYES

Continued from last page

tantly you're relieving the land of a small part of the year's burden. What's more, if you take your dumps out in the great outside you're turning a menace to the native flora into something of a boon.

Course, all the same and more can be said for cows, 'ceptin' they're bigger and uglier and harder to deal with. They are awful slow, though, and you're more like to run into one in a nice out a the way place.

Now I didn't mean to rile the dander of all you militant vegetarians out there; I know you still got reasons not to muck about in such waters. Like I said, I think this poaching idea might have broader applications, I just haven't the mind to come up with them. Might be a way for all you thievin folk to keep feathering your nests without putting quite as much strain on the old planet. I'm hoping folk'll pass the idea around, and someday I'll hear it and not even know it's the same one.

Well, like the fella says, take it easy—but take it. 



IN THE UTERUS OF LOVE,
WE ARE ALL BLIND CAVE FISH.

mehitabel s parlor story

boss did you
hear about the two drunks
who were riding in
a ford or something
equally comic
and the ford or
whatever it was nearly
went off the
road one of
the drunks poked the
other and said thickly
they always talk thickly in
these stories
anyway he said hey look
out how youre driving
youll have us in
the ditch in a minute if
you dont look out
why said the second
drunk who was drunker
i thought you
were driving i got
that from mehitabel the
cat its the first parlor
story ive ever heard
her tell and ive known
her for five of six
years now

archy



—from Don Marquis' *The Life and Times
of Archy and Mehitabel*

Native Forest Network Conference

The Native Forest Network (NFN) is pleased to announce that the Second International Temperate Forest Conference will be held in Missoula from November 9-13, 1994. Following the conference, there will be a three day strategy session. The conference will be held on the campus of the University of Montana, and this year's theme will be "Attacking the Multinationals."

Non-Governmental Organizations (NGOs) are invited to the conference and strategy session. The NFN anticipates 500 people attending so please let us know if a representative from your group can attend. Government agencies and industry representatives are encouraged to participate as well.

As the last great band of temperate forest in the lower 48 states lies in the Northern Rockies, Missoula sits in the middle of this bioregion and provides an ideal backdrop for this gathering. Given the ongoing political crisis revolving around native forests and roadless lands in Montana and Idaho, NFN hopes the conference will foster more national and international support for landscape-level planning, ecosystem recovery and forest protection.

Get in touch with us if you wish to receive more information on the conference and strategy session. We are preparing the schedule and agenda, and would appreciate hearing any ideas for papers, campaign updates, panel discussions or special events. Registration materials will be available this spring, as well as a publicity poster.

Please contact Jake Kreilik or Suzanne Pardee at 4649 Sunnyside Avenue North, #328, Seattle, WA 98103. Tel. (206) 545-3734. Fax. (206) 632-6122 spardee @ igc.apc.org

Some Good News on the Gallatin

—by Phil Knight, Native Forest Network

The timber program on the Gallatin National Forest is going under. It appears likely that the hideous Deer Creek (in the North Absarokas) and IbeX/Cottonwood (in the Crazy Mountains) timber sales are on hold, hopefully for good. Litigation on behalf of beleaguered grizzly bears has shut down all timber sales on the Hebgen Lake District, including the West Lake sale and the Mosquito/Denny sale, which the supervisor had already approved. The history of this sale is worth examining.

In 1991, supervisor Dave Garber signed off on Mosquito-Denny. This sale was to log 345 acres near the South Fork of the Madison, in Situation 1 grizzly bear habitat. This area is within the Madison Bear Subunit, one of two Yellowstone Ecosystem bear habitat "subunits" which appear to have mostly lost their resident bears due to too many roads and clearcuts. Average open road density in the area is 1.1 mile per square mile, over twice the Forest Plan standard of .5 Yet here was another timber sale, which was to include 2.7 miles of new road. It would have closed 44 miles of existing roads/trails for an open road density of .8, still far short of the Forest Plan standard.

Appeals forced the Freddie's back to the drawing board. So they came back with another decision notice in August of 1993. This called for even more logging, 486 acres worth, while closing 54 miles of roads and trails to reach the .5 mile/square mile standard. However, while logging was to be completed by 1997, road and trail closures were not to be finished until 1999.

This led to litigation by several environmental groups. Lo and behold, it worked. Garber issued an amended decision on January 28. It reads:

"High open road densities can lead to changes in grizzly bear behavior, especially habituation, due to ongoing contact with roads and road activity. Habituation can lead to direct mortality due to human/bear conflicts. Reducing open road density in the Mosquito/Denny area will help advance recovery efforts. My August 23 decision schedules completion of closures by 1999.

The reason for the delay is to allow for use of some roads to access timber to be harvested and also to take advantage of the purchaser to accomplish some of the closures. Upon further consideration, I be-

lieve efforts to complete recovery of the grizzly bear population, and achieve Forest Plan standards in the Mosquito/Denny area, should not be delayed [emphasis added]. Therefore, I am withdrawing my decision to harvest 486 acres of timber...Road closures and trail restrictions, as described in my August 23rd decision, will be implemented beginning in 1994."

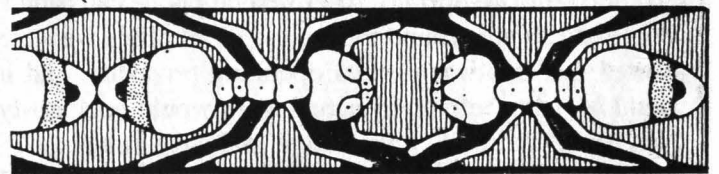
Amazing.

Not that we trust them as far as we can throw a skidder. But for the moment things are looking up on the Gallatin, which was only able to offer about four million board feet for sale last year.

There is one timber sale which still needs to be stopped. It is called Wheeler Ridge. While small, "only" 0.9 million board feet, it is planned for the Big Bear drainage just south of Bozeman, an area heavily impacted by private and public lands logging. The main rationales for the sale are: 1) the usual crap about providing timber to local mills and increasing the growth rate of timber on production lands, 2) salvaging of timber before it's blown down or killed by bugs; and 3) improvement of the visual quality of the area by "feathering" the edge of square clearcuts visible from the Gallatin Valley.

Apparently past clearcutting has created a high-wind situation on the ridge which is blowing down remaining forest to the south. Imagine that! Can someone tell me how much sense it makes to cut more timber there? All this will do is extend the blowdown further into the forest of Wheeler Mountain. And this visual quality stuff is a crock of shit. I'd rather see trees than stumps any day, and as far as the distant view, most of the Gallatin Face is so hacked up that the Freddie's don't have a chance of meeting the Forest Plan's Visual Quality Objectives. There is no discussion of how this little project on Wheeler Ridge fits into an overall plan of meeting these objectives.

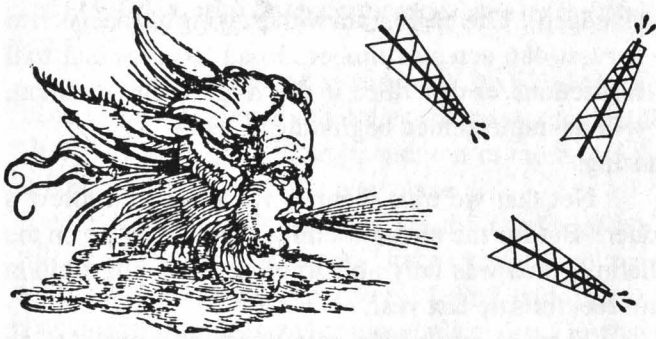
So that's the news. Mostly good! But the mainstream enviros seem ready to ignore Wheeler Ridge. Not NFN. This is pine marten habitat, old growth lodgepole pine, potential grizzly recovery habitat. And it is adjacent to roadless South Cottonwood Canyon. So we'll have none of it. 🐿



WHILST YOU HAVE FED UPON MY SIGNORIES,
DISPARK'D MY PARKS, AND FELL'D MY FORESTS-WOODS...
THIS AND MUCH MORE, MUCH MORE THAN TWICE ALL THIS
CONDEMNS YOU...

Whole Lotta Wind...

—BY ASHMOLE



Out on the Front the winter blows by with much gusto, sometimes around 80 mph, and this year smelling suspiciously of old gas. The dubious actions of the BLM since the year's beginning could be the precursor for another go at the alleged Blackleaf gas field. While I'm just sitting around the cabin waiting for the Record of Decision to show up, let me relate to you this twisted history as I understand it to date.

In the Blackleaf Canyon area a few drainages south of the Badger-Two Medicine, on land in the BLM's watch, a nefarious set of events has been unfolding. On January 20, 1994, a Notice of Staking (NOS) was filed by a trustee for the bankruptcy estate of the leaseholder, EPS Resources, of Englewood, Colorado. A Notice of Staking vaguely resembles a loophole, and by filing a NOS, a company can announce an intent to drill before filing the more formal Application for a Permit to Drill (APD).

This sudden renewed interest in drilling concerned us very much, since the Blackleaf project has been trouble from the very start. EPS was going along great guns in 1989, but by April 1992, the four active wells were shut down and the company was in bankruptcy court and in the process of reorganizing. Two months later the BLM completed the Final Environmental Impact Statement (FEIS) for the Blackleaf area.

Now it's two years later and the Record of Decision which usually accompanies a FEIS is still not out, but it's scheduled for late Spring. After several phone calls and a couple of 120 mile round trips to the BLM office we were assured that this was normal operating procedure and it would be years before any actual work would begin. My fears being confirmed I went home and did a dime bag.

The reason for this bizarre notification surfaced some three weeks later. It seems that the day the NOS was faxed to the BLM was the last day that any such filings could be received to be in compliance with a required thirty-day public posting. For on February 20, thirty days after the NOS was received, the BLM was to begin a termination

process on the leases in the Blackleaf area. This process would require the leases to be "contracted down" on all wells except those that were "proven productive" or "currently producing." There have been seventeen wells drilled in the study area since 1930, and this process would have directly affected five of those wells plus the eleven additional wells added by the preferred alternative of the BLM plan. It seems reasonable to assume that with all the time and money the BLM has invested in the project so far, it wouldn't let a minor technicality like cancellation of the leases thwart its efforts.

This story gets even sicker the deeper we go. The well site for which the NOS is filed is located in the Muddy Creek drainage of the Blackleaf Wildlife Management Area. Where the fuck else would you find gas, right? The well site (legally located at the northwest quarter of the northeast quarter section 30, T. 26N., R. 8W., Teton Co.) is about one mile west of the Antelope Butte fen, which happens to be crucial spring habitat for grizzly and black bears. The last remnants of the plains grizzlies dwell there. It is also the year-round home of Rocky Mountain goats and mule deer. The Antelope Butte elk herd winters there and—get this—the well site is on an elk calving ground. The rocky cliffs of the canyon surrounding the well site are prime habitat for peregrine falcons and a host of other large raptors. You'd think it would be easy to shut them down, right? But in this country that elusive beast, the mineral estate, has much power.

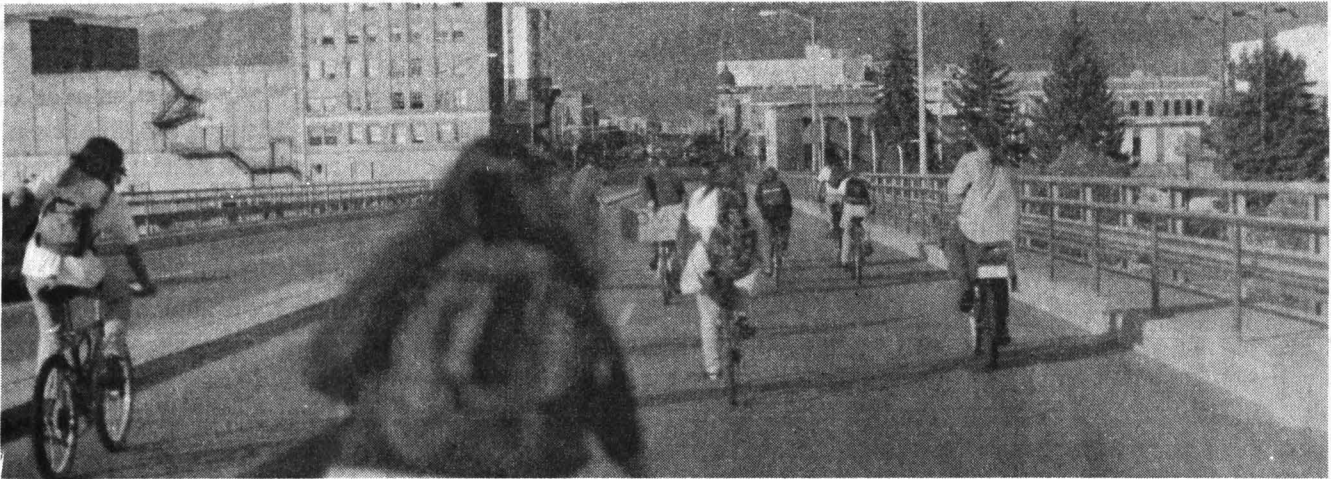
By getting around the formal Application for a Permit to Drill (APD), it seems as though the NOS would allow the BLM and the company involved to go ahead and analyze (i.e. cover up cultural remains, etc.) the site and tailor the APD to the drill site. This is indeed vague speculation—things change. But sometimes the winds don't always bring change; sometimes they just blow. And out on the Front, the ranchers and miners are still having their way with our land. 🐻

War Song of the Incas

We will drink from the skull of the traitor
And from his teeth a necklace make.
Of his bones we will make flutes,
Of his skin a drum.
Then we will dance.

taken from Edward Galeano, *Memory of Fire: I.*

Toward Critical Mass in Missoula



Mad bike riders took to the streets of Missoula, Montana in late September, 1993 on April 1st and May 5, 1994. Despite being lauded as one of the most bicycle-friendly cities in the country, Missoula has an air quality problem, a public transportation problem, and a car addiction problem. During the September incident, the bicyclists rode south down N. Higgins Avenue then up and down Broadway, going through red lights, taking up both lanes, and generally making it difficult to drive a car. Returning to Higgins, they were pursued by one of what was to be many Missoula police cruisers in front of the world renowned Charlie B's. Mayhem ensued, with bikers heading in all directions, down alleys and over sidewalks. At that point they were then pursued by what must have been half of Missoula's police force. The incident ended with no arrests, but with frustrated cops parked on sidewalks.

On April 1st, 1994, a large group of cyclists caused even more traffic madness. This time riding south down Higgins to Brooks St. (a one lane road), the bikers caused a backup for a mile behind them as they slowly rode down Brooks. The Missoula police force was on the scene quickly, but were seemingly helpless to stop the crazed flocculators. As the mass crossed the Higgins Ave. bridge, they received praise and encouragement from a friendly auto driver, who was later stopped by the police and yelled at for driving too slowly. Many bike riders were seen simply riding around police cars and trying to block streets. At one point, as the mass returned north via Stevens Ave., a biker was actively and aggressively pursued by a Missoula police vehicle. A chase ensued. The mass attempted to engulf the biker, but the biker was soon told by the law officer to pull over or face arrest. The mass, as a collective, stopped. The situation ended with an official traffic officer escorting the remaining riders over the Orange St. bridge at one and a half miles an hour (which was just below the average mass speed of two miles an hour).

On May 5, three squad cars, three cops on motorcycles and one with a video camera met about eight bicyclists armed with signs painted on dumpstered cardboard. We were also greeted by the Missoula bicycle/pedestrian coordinator who handed us flyers with a moving plea not to "weaken the bonds and alliances that have been established..." This was a week after a few fine specimens of local young manhood were arrested for bashing bicyclists with baseball bats.

All those cops must have been really concerned for our safety 'cause they sure did follow us closely right from the git-go. As we headed towards Malfunction Junction, the cops realized they'd have to take drastic action to prevent us from making all those hard-working commuters people late for fish sticks and Connie Chung. One person was ticketed for "riding abreast" (he wishes!) When that didn't derail the not-quite critical mass, they pulled in front of the first cyclist, grabbed her off her bicycle, handcuffed her, and arrested her for not riding to the extreme right hand side of the road. The group dispersed soon after.

We shouldn't let anti-car activism fizzle out or be squelched by the cops and the namby-pamby bike committee. We aren't just advocating bike lanes and bike racks, but the elimination of cars. Their toll in human and animal life, their choking fumes, the roads they necessitate and the destructive lifestyle of which they are an integral part are too high a price to pay for convenience. But we need more people to join--doing this type of ride with less than 30 people or so is ineffective, easily disrupted and possibly dangerous. Hopefully there will be another, larger action later in the spring or summer. 🐜



TO FEAR THE FOE, SINCE FEAR OPPRESSETH STRENGTH,
GIVES, IN YOUR WEAKNESS, STRENGTH UNTO YOUR FOE,
AND SO YOUR FOLLIES FIGHT AGAINST YOURSELF.

Filthy Lucre and You

—BY IMPY CUNIUS

Think about it: the corruption of our honor, our sense of purpose, and the integrity of our will. Money does this. I don't want to give you just some lame "root of all evil" sermon, but I think there are some things about the attributes of money as it's used in our society that are worth examining and understanding—if we wish to act fully in accord with our beliefs.

Currency, like radiation from a star, like the energy of sunlight in an ecosystem, like an eddy or a standing wave in the currents of a river, circulates through human society as a form of energy; it flows in one place, coalesces in another, and dissipates (at least as far as the human economy is concerned) somewhere else. Money *is*, literally, energy; that is, it is the symbolic representation, like standard units of measurement, of stuff (natural resources) and the energy needed to move it around and transform it from one kind of stuff into another (manufacture and distribution). Money is also used, curiously, to assign value to human beings, their potential work (both physical and organizational) and even those things that cannot readily be placed within a scheme of matter-energy exchange (sacredness, for example or the value of a grizzly's life). The amount of money one possesses indicates the human-controlled energy or access to resources one can command.

(Be warned: the following paragraphs form a metaphor that uses one system of knowledge to analyse something else. If some object to the comparison of money to life, perhaps then this analysis sheds light on flaws in paradigmatic ecology itself that would permit such an injustice. But, however much I may be in error, I shall carry on to see where this idea gets me.)

Organized systems such as international finance can mimic, in some limited ways, the way we understand, through the formal science of ecology, that living things operate—at least in their ability to maintain a complex integrity over time and operate as a growing entity. We understand that Lovelock's Gaia hypothesis (the systems theory version, not the woo-woo; not that there's much difference) refers to an enormously complex, self-maintaining system that, if it doesn't replicate itself *per se*, at least

regulates the conditions that allow it to continue as an organized entity. If such an entity falls short of being considered a form of life, it at least does something that living things do too.

Money, as a form of artificial power, unconnected to character, ability, intelligence, or force of will, confers upon the possessor the right to command labor and, in its reified form, commodities. It is a pleasurable thing, for a human, to enjoy this privilege, and those who get used to it do not give it up easily. Additionally, money seeks its own growth and increase—tracking, if you like, suitable habitat. For money, which is a species of energy (power), suitable habitat means a place where it can find safety and food—secure and insured accounts, real wealth, profitable investments, high rates of interest, and a firm entrenchment in the legal and political system which affords it protection. Activity on the wrong side of the law, or even on its edge, treads on dangerous ground and puts finances in danger of predation by corporate and governmental entities. This can prove fatal to a fortune.

For some types of funds, those belonging to criminal syndicates or traffickers in contraband, for example, it is



possible for them to find rich, if risky, pickings in the habitat afforded by the sort of "ecotone" that exists between market operations and legal/political strictures. It's kind of like an algae bloom in a nutrient-overrich waterway.

Does all this nonsense mean anything to poor hippie lowbaggers? A lot, actually. Earth

Firstlers, for instance, represent the kind of barren ground in which money's roots can find no purchase, where it can find little cover and security, and where food is scarce. In such a situation, money really has no incentive to stay around. An activist who runs around avoiding getting a job and spends most of her time in the forest defending it from the Forces of Evil will quickly find herself penniless. Likewise, activity on the wrong side of the law has a way of discouraging funding from individuals and entities that have to

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"IT IS EASIER FOR A CAMEL TO PASS THROUGH THE EYE OF A NEEDLE THAN IT IS FOR A RICH MAN TO ENTER THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."—JESUS

Continued from last page
keep their butts covered.

At the same time, activists and organizations that have money, yet try to spend it in the defense of anything good and decent—generally illegal in most Western societies—will find that in order to hang on to that money, they will have to make *compromises*. This is because first, without the funds—a source of power to these folks—they fear that they may become ineffectual within the movement; second, they desire to continue the influence that their economic power brings (n.b., I am not being snotty; this is not a matter of anyone's bad intentions or an attempt to say mean things about people, it's just the mechanics of power that can—and will—apply to anyone who finds themselves in this situation); and third, they then prevent, or refuse to take, action that puts their funds, their power, in jeopardy.

This is a very serious difficulty in the way we operate campaigns: the people who have the most to lose end up with the most say as to how actions are run. While the tendency to heed the call of cash may be strong, it should be resisted and not accepted as the natural order of things. Dismissive references to "baby birds" while approving the purchase of \$11,000 luxury automobiles with campaign donations are simply not acceptable to activists in this bioregion. Some people's lives are bankrolled, most people's ain't. Remember, the Freddie's and the cops all *want* us to go out and get jobs. This should be a clue: bad idea. Look, it's good to have caution sometimes, and lack of responsibility can lead to rash and thoughtless actions that endanger a whole campaign. But I fear that the influence of those-who-have trumps those who think and act with integrity alone, especially if the latter take great pains not to accrue excessive power, when they refuse to tell others what to do.

It may well be a very hard thing—perhaps the hardest thing for Western folk to do at all. And that is to act in such a way as to respect the true and worthy power that each person carries within themselves, the power that cannot be bought, sold, confiscated or spent. This power is made up of courage, honor, kindness, righteousness, re-

spect, thoughtfulness, resolution, discipline, loyalty and love, to name but a sample. Archaic-sounding words, you might think. Yes. The reason for these words' near disappearance from our language is because the cultural poison that industrialism has fed us has corrupted us to value only those things that can be bought, that the Owners can sell us. Let us, therefore, not be corrupt.

The Owners think they are invincible with their billions, their armies, their weapons and technology. At their peril they believe this, for they will find out the truth: what *we* mean by power. 🐞

HOW SHALL WE DO FOR MONEY FOR THESE WARS?



Cove/Mallard—Last Wilderness Defense Fund

is offering colorful handmade, rubber stamped postcards featuring wild images and wooly quotes from the likes of Ed Abbey.

These wonderful cards, donated by Pullman artist and activist Lynn Carey Bornholdt are selling for \$6.00 including tax and postage, for a mixed package of 10. All proceeds go to assist activists working in Cove/Mallard and surrounding areas, so you can have your cards and feel good about it too!

Please send orders to: PO Box 9970, Moscow, ID 83843. Make checks payable to the Last Wilderness Defense Fund.

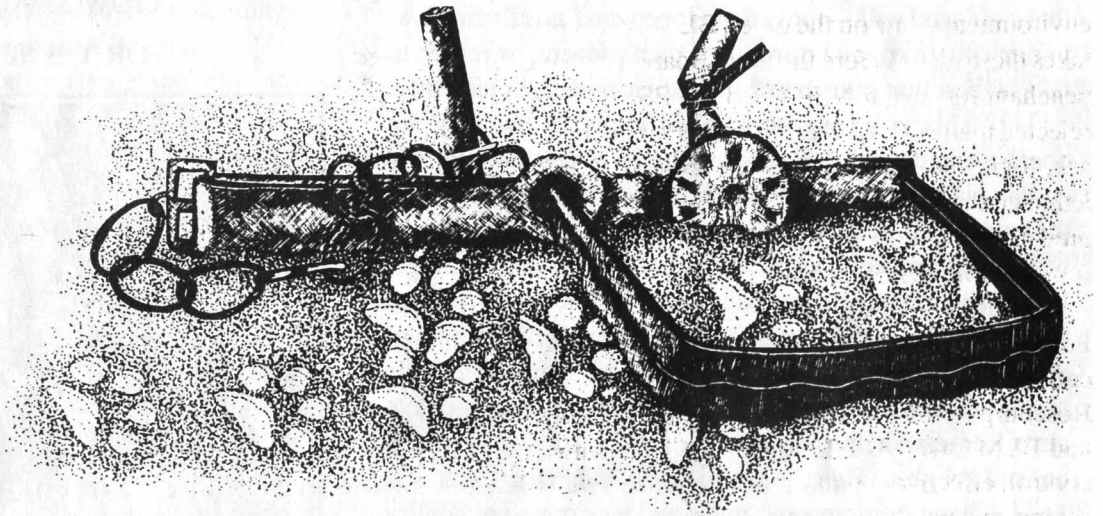
Predator Project Continues Challenging ADC's Plans While Federal Bureaucrats Maneuver to End Troublesome Appeals.

Stung by a series of losses before the Interior Department's Board of Land Appeals and in the Forest Service's internal appeal process, federal land managers are trying to shift the onus of defending lethal predator control to the killers themselves—APHIS-ADC, aka Wildlife Services. To the Forest Service predator control and sheep grazing are side shows; to APHIS, this is a life or death struggle. The FS is in the business of liquidating America's forests; where they don't have trees they mostly graze cattle. Even jumbo coyotes rarely reach thirty pounds, and hunting in pairs or small family groups—not packs—they rarely kill calves, never mind steers. Embarrassed defending unpopular predator control programs, they're trying to shift the decision authority—and the heat—to their cousins at APHIS-ADC. APHIS, unlike Smokey's pals, doesn't allow appeals. Predator Project has joined with other groups to bring suit against the Forest Service in federal court for trying to shed the responsibility for killing wildlife on its lands.

The BLM, however, are in the sheep business wholesale, and even they are starting to squirm under increasing public scrutiny. They've suffered a series of losses before the Land Board—which sometimes seems to view the agency like an embarrassing hick cousin who needs to be reigned in once in a while. Appeals by the Committee for Idaho's High Desert, the Utah Wilderness Association, the Humane Society of the United States, Southern Utah Wilderness Association and Predator Project have successfully challenged predator control programs in Idaho, Colorado, and Utah. As a result, the boys in D.C. ordered western BLM districts to kill predators only in "emergencies" while they write new Environmental Assessments for their predator control plans.

As the new plans started becoming public, it became obvious that Interior sent the BLM back to school.

Gone were documents like the one we found and successfully challenged in Grand Junction, Colorado, that authorized all-out war on coyotes in response to four dead sheep, with no discussion on impacts on coyotes, natural systems or non-target animals. Gone too were most of the dumb procedural errors and NEPA violations that forced the Land Board to scrap some of the previous plans. The BLM had



obviously been holding NEPA workshops to try to come up with consistent documents that at least gave the illusion they had some idea of what they were doing.

Holding their hands through it all was APHIS-ADC, aka Wildlife Services. Pushed to the wall, APHIS saw this as their last chance to fashion predator control plans in their own image. Their shadow is obvious everywhere in the new BLM plans. Demands for lethal coyote control on cattle allotments; gratuitous programs targeting gray and red fox; broad provisions allowing "emergency" control almost anywhere, almost anytime; extensions of lethal control into gray wolf and swift fox habitat—animals already near extinction from irresponsible predator control; and an attempt to authorize M-44 cyanide guns over vast areas of the west—these all reveal APHIS's hard-line stand.

As plans became final we've appealed decisions in three of Montana's BLM Districts, in Worland and Winnemucca in Wyoming, and in Shoshone District in southern Idaho—in the heart of what's left of America's sheep industry. As the proposals become more homogenized, the issues are the same: none make any attempt to

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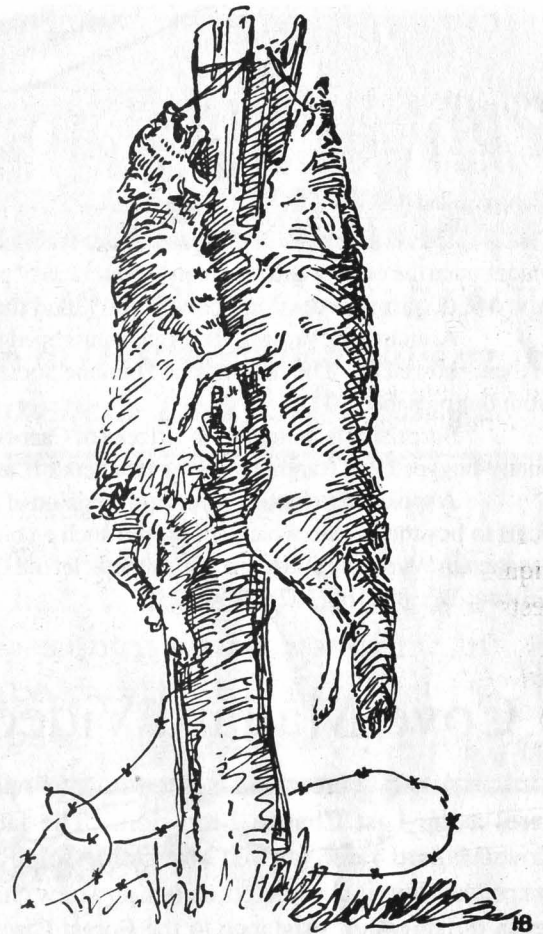
DEAR EARTH, I DO SALUTE THEE WITH MY HAND,
THOUGH REBELS WOUND THEE WITH THEIR HORSES' HOOFS

Continued from last page

survey coyote, bear, lion or non-target species' populations; none make any attempt to monitor impacts on these populations; none seriously consider non-lethal methods or establish any criteria for unacceptable losses; all allow lethal control to spread anywhere within their districts anytime the local manager decides there's an "emergency." Nor do any of these proposals require any effort from the permittees to protect their own livestock. BLM's Shoshone District took a halting step in that direction by requiring permittees to keep guard dogs with their sheep and demonstrate at least a 0.5% loss before ADC could apply lethal methods—and the district was immediately slapped back by BLM's Idaho State Director.

Caught between APHIS and ranchers on one side and federal environmental law on the other, BLM writes plans it can't defend and takes these plans before the Land Board who have shown an unnerving penchant for taking NEPA and the ESA seriously. They've already rejected many of BLM's ADC plans for many of the same issues. They ask, logically enough, how it's possible to determine the impact of lethal control on predator populations if you have no idea how many predators you had to begin with. Neither BLM or APHIS has an answer for that. APHIS does, however, have an answer for appeals.

Inspired by their success sidestepping appeals on National Forest lands, APHIS has floated a plan in Oregon that creates what they call an Animal Damage Control District. This District, centered around Roseburg, sprawls across millions of acres of private, National Forest, and BLM land. APHIS alone will have authority for lethal wildlife control, effectively putting programs on both USFS and BLM lands beyond citizen appeals. If you don't like it, they're saying, sue us. If this bid to create an ADC District in Oregon flies, look for the idea to spread all over the West.



No More Hunger for Lamb

Freddies shoot protected gyrfalcon, are praised by community.

Carl "Tut" Anderson, a range conservationist, and Arthur Bauer, a resource program manager, both employed by the Bighorn National Forest in Wyoming, were convicted of killing a rare, federally protected gyrfalcon. Apparently both of these morons were drinking and shooting at pheasants when the unfortunate falcon flew by. First they shot it out of the sky, and then stomped on its remains. However, the killing was witnessed by the bird's owner, Dan Konkell, a falconer and raptor conservationist. Konkell first tried to identify the men by looking through their truck and then confronted the hunters as they returned to the scene firing their gun over the heads of Konkell and his partner. Anderson "was very irate," said Konkell. "His face was red. He had a gun in one hand [and] a beer in the other hand." When the game warden and sheriff's deputies went by Anderson's house later that night, "They encounter[ed] a raving lunatic (Anderson). The situation [was] completely out of control." Said deputy Dave Berry,

"He said something about showing us a gun."

At trial the falcon killers paraded their buddies and agency co-workers before the court to testify, in the words of Assistant U.S. Attorney Alex Radich, that the men's lives were "the single greatest event since Moses parted the Red Sea."

Despite all evidence and confessions to the contrary, when they got on the stand Anderson and Bauer denied everything. Radich asked Bauer, "Are you familiar with perjury?"

Bauer responded, "Yes sir."

In the end the judge saw through the pair's pathetic and outrageous attempts to worm their way out of the situation, and found them both guilty. Unfortunately they were not flogged with a rattan cane wielded by a martial arts expert, but merely fined \$1,500 each, placed on one year's unsupervised probation and had their hunting and fishing privileges suspended for the next season.

Bighorn National Forest Supervisor Larry Keown apparently intends to probe the two in order to get to the bottom of the matter.

Taken, in part, from *The Sheridan Press* Sheridan, WY, December, 1993.



Plinkin' Predators on the Plains

—Gillette, WY

Taken in part from the *Star-Tribune*, Casper, WY.

This February, the Campbell County, Wyoming, Chamber of Commerce organized a coyote hunt to reduce the number of predators in the county and heighten "awareness of predator control." The "sportsman" who killed the biggest coyote, Craig Bechtold, won a \$500 prize, as did Joe Toohey who killed the *most* coyotes—six! Shoo-boy Howdy, Joe, that's *some* shootin'!

Anticipating protest, the organizers roped off an area in the registration center for animal rights wackos to stand in but none of them showed up. The reason, said Humane Society regional director Dave Pauli, is that "We didn't want the community to benefit from our presence."

Surprisingly, letters from citizens of Casper, Laramie and Sheridan expressed disgust at the coyote hunt. ADC-gunner turned bunny-hugger Dick Randall accuses ranchers of "attempting to pull subsidized wool over readers' eyes."

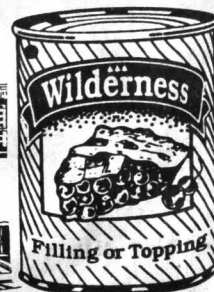
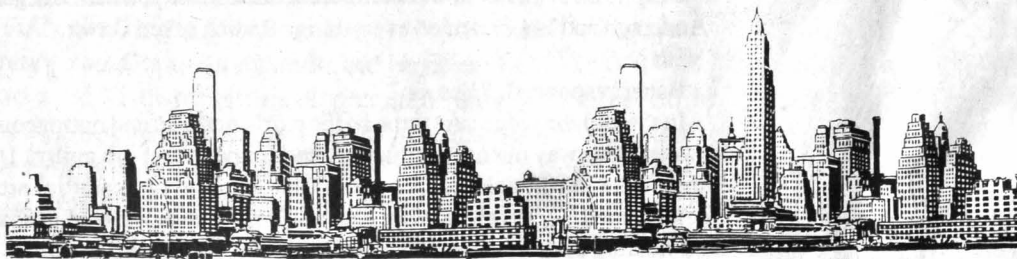
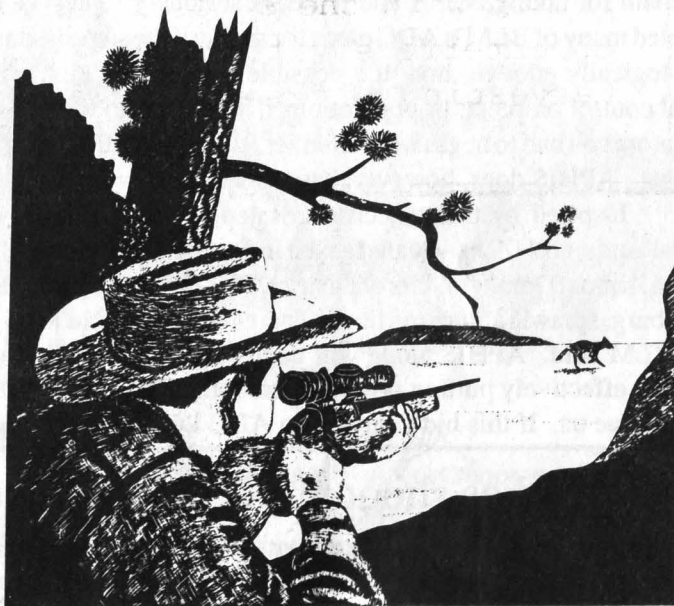
A spokesman for the Wyoming Division of Tourism said they got a few calls from people who said they changed their vacation plans to boycott a state which sponsored such a contest. What the hell, it helped in Alaska. So if any of you want to make plans to vacation in Wyoming and then change them, let the Chamber of Commerce know. Gillette Chamber of Commerce, 314 South Gillette, Gillette, WY 82716 (307) 682-3673.

Cove/Mallard Video

A very portentous season is developing here in the Last Chance Bioregion. The latest Cove/Mallard video (a Cold Mountain, Cold Rivers production) is completed, initiating a new chapter in the ongoing resistance to the Forest Circus' plans to feed the forest to the Beast. Entitled *Cove/Mallard: Defending the Big Wild*, the piece gives a solid depiction of the forest in question, the threat it faces, and last summer's direct-action campaign. This work is long overdue, and will be a valuable tool in galvanizing the 1994 field campaign into something even bigger and better. Just over 20 minutes in length, the piece is built upon footage collected by several videographers present in the Cove/Mallard area between May of last year and February of this year. I hope to assemble a more comprehensive, organized Forest Watch/Biodiversity Project for the area this summer—and will be looking for all the help I can get (Note: I said "assemble" and not "lead"; no hierarchist here). Quite an undertaking for a jack meteorologist: doing the Forest Circus' job for them...

Cold Mountain/Cold Rivers is a guerilla media collective based in Missoula which specializes in ecological and indigenous issues. To order the video, send \$15 (\$10 if you can convince them you're a hard-working poverty-stricken activist) to: Cold Mountain/Cold Rivers POB 7941, Missoula, MT 59807. For more information on the Cove/Mallard video, other videos they have available or other CM/CR projects, write or call them at (406) 728-0867.

—Storm



SOME HAVE BEEN DEPOS'D; SOME SLAIN IN WAR;
SOME HAUNTED BY THE GHOSTS THEY HAVE DEPOS'D...



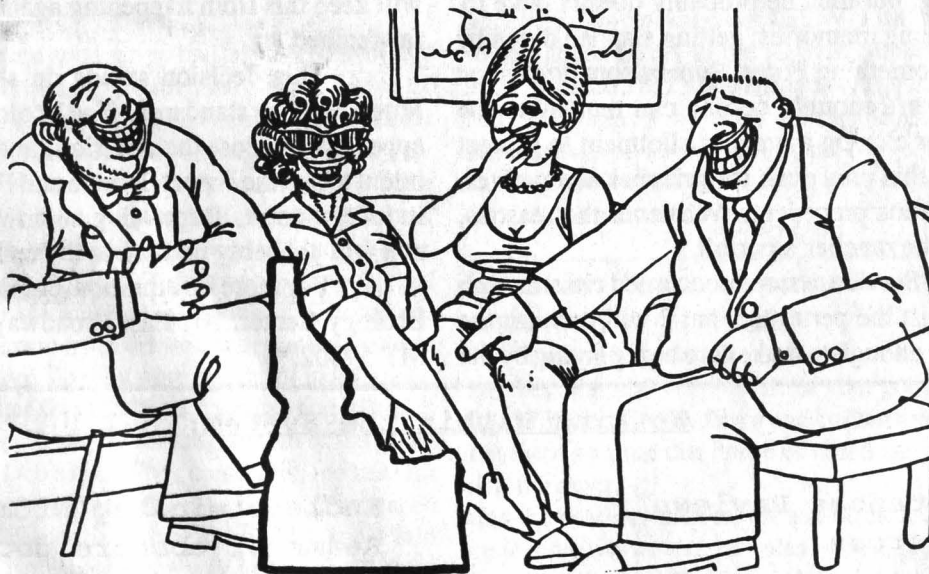
Break This Law

Become a Felon Quickly and Easily in your Own Home! Simply Mail the Form Below to Governor Andrus of Idaho Asking him to Obstruct Roadbuilding in the Cove and Mallard Roadless Areas this Summer. That's All it Takes!

"Any person who solicits any other person, or conspires with any other person to commit any crime against property or person with the specific intent to halt, impede, obstruct or interfere with the lawful management, cultivation or harvesting of trees or timber shall be guilty of a felony."

—Idaho Code Chapter 20, Title 18-2005

Constitution, Schmonstitution!



Clip and Mail!



Send to:

The Hon. Cecil D. Andrus, Governor of Idaho
State House, Boise, ID 83720

Or give him a call at (208) 334-2100

Dear Governor Andrus,

I, _____, hereby solicit you to go stop the ongoing destruction of the Cove and Mallard Roadless areas by whatever means necessary. In fact, I think you ought to go down to Dixie and sit in the middle of the Noble Road and refuse to budge until either the Freddie's carry you away to jail or until some drunken thug beats the living bejeezus out of you, whichever happens first.

Woolies *Continued from page 4*

When the Fish and Wildlife Service was told all this, they said: Sure, we've had the permittee under investigation for a long time—don't worry, trust us. Whether the FS or FWS trust him or not, they remember when they tried to close his allotment when the old permit was renewed in 1986; he sicced Max Baucus (D-MT) on them. Max, a sheep rancher himself and thus bound to the permittee by ties stronger than party lines, intervened. The FS backed down and the rancher kept his allotment.

This time The Word was Max might not be so anxious to get involved. He's already had his wrist slapped by the Ethics Committee after he moved to block lamb imports. Now he has bigger worries. His family is involved in developing a cyanide heap-leach gold mine at the headwaters of the Blackfoot River, a lovely stream made famous by Norman McLean in *A River Runs Through It*. The hope was not wanting to draw attention to his penchant for conflicted interests as the 1872 Mining Act comes up for review before his Senate Environment Committee, Max might not think it's worth getting in the middle of a squabble over sheep grazing, but then he probably doesn't have to. Bureaucrats have long memories; getting slapped down by a U.S. Senator is something Forest Supervisors don't soon forget. If that weren't enough, no one can remember the Forest Service ever closing a grazing allotment to protect wildlife—to close this one, even for grizzlies and wolves, would set a dangerous precedent. Whatever the reasons, Gorman reissued the rancher's permit.

The Forest Service assures concerned citizens who aren't willing to trust the permittee that it will monitor the allotment carefully enough to make sure he is playing by the

rules. Every ten days, they'll send up someone to talk to the herders and look around for wolf or bear sign. The FS is sure any dead bears or wolves will be laying around when they can see them. True, a dead grizzly probably would be hard to hide, but a dead wolf could easily be packed off, buried or burned without a trace. Even if neither were killed on the allotment, either might be drawn out of the wilderness by the sheep, then spooked by the herder or his dogs and move down to private land looking for more sheep on ranches where shoot, shovel and shut up are watchwords. The head of the Blackfeet Nation's Grizzly Program stated flatly in the record that the permittee isn't reporting attacks on his sheep for fear of losing his permit. Since the allotment was reauthorized in 1986, one grizzly was illegally killed near sheep east of the allotment; another was trapped along the allotment boundary after attacking sheep. That bear was shot after relocation when it continued to kill livestock. Both incidents occurred in the summer when sheep were on the allotment. The idea that sending one of the FS boys up to have a cup of coffee with the herder every 10 days or so will keep this from happening again is, to put it charitably, far-fetched.

This decision stands on shaky ground, even by Forest Service standards. The Ecology Center in Missoula appealed and lost the decision, and has filed a notice of intent to sue the Forest Service and Fish & Wildlife Service in federal court. Depending on how the agencies respond, suit will probably be filed at the end of June.

For more information, contact Jerry Grubbs at The Ecology Center, 101 East Broadway, Suite 602, Missoula MT 59802.

Working Within the System:

Completeness Reviews
Task Forces
Interdisciplinary Teams
Periodic Issue Meetings
Scoping Meetings
Time Frames
Sideboards
Mitigation Measures
Integrated Areas of Concern
Preferred Alternatives

Endless windbag promises
Reams of obscure documents
Gallons of java
Mountains of donuts
A hundred thousand introductions
Smiling bureaucrats
Beaming biologists.

All to create an illusion
of concern.

-Restless

WILT THOU CONCEAL THIS DARK CONSPIRACY?

Doin' the Spokie Pokey

Deborah Stout and Kim Trimiew are in jail. Many of you know Deb, who sometimes ran in EF! circles in EF's wilder days, and who has spent the last few years in Bozeman and Missoula, lately working on the prairie ecosystems at the Ecology Center. Kim is a wilderness buff from southern Oregon at her happiest when browsing on wild mustards. Well, kale, really. She likes kale.

Deb and Kim are in jail because they won't cooperate with a federal investigation into a break-in at Washington State University (WSU) animal lab three years ago. The feds have been investigating four or five or six of these animal lab break-ins, for which the Animal Liberation Front (ALF) has claimed responsibility, and haven't been able to nail anyone for them. In one case, in Michigan, they have issued indictments for Rod Coronado, an old EF! hero and an alleged friend of Deb and Kim. Coronado was a vocal supporter of the Animal Liberation Front (ALF), which claimed responsibility for the WSU break-in and for other acts of fur industry sabotage; he accordingly makes a tempting target for federal prosecution. But the feds just haven't been able to find the weasel and they might not be able to convict him if they do. They do seem to have figured out that if they can't bring anyone to trial they can at least stick them in jail for refusing to talk about their friends.

The Grand Jury is a good set-up for this. Witnesses have to appear without lawyers and are required to (but don't *have to*, as Kim and Deb have shown, and as Rik Scarce and Jonathan Paul showed last year) answer all questions put to them, even if they don't have any demonstrable relevance to the case. They can ask you all about your beliefs and your friends and their friends... and you'd better like it or you're looking at a long time in lock-up.

Deb and Kim did not like it. These two women share the disability, whether inborn or acquired, of having ethics, personal ethics which they don't seem to be able to change at the pleasure of the state. On February 18th they were put in jail indefinitely. Maybe they'll get out after six months, as Jonathan and Rik each did last year. Maybe they'll stay in for the duration of the grand jury, eighteen months. Deb says, "They could keep me here for eighteen months and I'd be wretched, I'd be the most wretched person in the world, I'd hate it, I'd be miserable, and I still wouldn't talk to them. Isn't there some way I can just tell them that?" But she suspects that they know it already. She is not convinced by the judge's assurance that her incarceration is "coercive, not punitive."

If this is the case, then the reason that Kim and Deb were subpoenaed was precisely to put them in jail, without trial and without a release date, purely to punish them for having had an outspoken friend and for themselves being contributors in different ways to the struggle to preserve wilderness and biodiversity. This explanation has unpleasant implications for our community. Because most of us are unlikely ever to cooperate with a grand jury investigation of our confreres, we are in a position where the feds can jail us any time they please, any time that they can come up with a crime for which they can initiate a grand jury.

At least Deb and Kim are in there together, which could be a source of some comfort. This idea troubled the federal prosecutor, so he asked that they be separated. Since there is only one women's wing in the jail this means that for the past couple of months only one of them has been let out of her cell at any one time. They have each spent half of their "free time" locked down in their cells.

Maybe the worst thing is that they can't go outside. They can't go outside. These are women who above all else love wild places and clean air and gardens, and the only access they have to the external world is some air that comes through a grating at the top of a wall in the basketball court. In a county jail there is no yard.

I go and see them every few weeks, and people ask me how they are doing. This is always a difficult question. They are not happy. There is not a lot of good one can say about the situation. But at the same time they are not insane or too uncomfortable or ill. They are just in jail.

The only personal property they can have in jail are toothbrushes and books, and there're only so many toothbrushes a person can use. We cannot send Kim kale. What we can do for now is: Write letters to Kim Trimiew and Deborah Stout, separately, c/o Spokane Co. Jail, W. 1100 Mallon, Spokane WA 99260. Send bucks to the Activist Support Network, PO Box 9286, Missoula MT 59807, which exists solely to reduce Kim's and Deb's sorrow by helping to pay for their phone calls and sending them books and stamps and commissary funds. And start thinking about what you're going to do if the feds show up at your door with a subpoena. —*Varmint*

Chant for their release:

This is my chant you bastards!
Let them the hell out!
Let them out into the open air of your goddamned city
its traffic betrayed by lilacs and cottonwoods and the river!
Let them go from that house of boredom
into the pines,
into the howling and cutover and beautiful woods
amidst the hawks and the voles and the mosses!
Let them go out into the prairies
to hear the moonlit caterwauling of those crazy old dogs
to feel the slow luft of grey wings above them
to hunker amidst the busy holes of the prairies!
If these things mean nothing to you,
if your dream of freedom is to spend your shiny lives
like new minted money inside the sterile buildings of your own
choosing:
You are not any less disgusting
for having 'demned these wild ragged critters
to poverties worse than you can imagine.
You bastards.
Let them out you godforsaken bastards!

—*Mad Bear*

Down and Out in the Wild Rockies:

Notes from the Latah County Jail —by BedSore



A strange new madness has gripped Moscow, Idaho. I report this from my secure underground accommodations where I have taken refuge until it once again becomes safe to walk the streets and I can return to my residence at the dumpster on Fifth and Polk.

It all began, reader, exactly one month ago, when after many wanderings and numerous calamities, I was called upon to take part in a proceeding called “The United States of America *v.* Erik Ryberg,” held in a large, warm room above the Post Office. At these proceedings a number of people and several representatives of the Forest Service took turns slandering me. I perceived at once that these people must be what is called “The United States of America” and I immediately uttered a quiet prayer for my country. Oh, I had not realized it had become so bad.

These men brought out and displayed a terrible string of crimes and accused me, one by one, of knowingly and willingly committing them all. This crime spree, they called it, covered three states and was so horrible it took me four years to complete. In elaborate detail it was made known to the court that I, with what pathological intent the court could only guess, did, on April 1st of 1993, operate a motor vehicle on Forest Service Road 1190E, and that said motor vehicle had a faulty taillight. And they had the evidence to prove it. But, they noted, this was merely the grand culmination of a life of crime that appears to have begun on September 30, 1991, when I endangered the lives of all 141 Mount Graham Red Squirrels when I recklessly, and with malice aforethought, walked *straight across* their habitat and endeavored to stop loggers from annihilating the forest there.

The United States then announced that it had six more charges for which I had not been tried, but since I was probably guilty it logically followed that I was a recidivist, which apparently is a nasty name they call people who won't behave. And then they brought up the little incident of letting the oil out of the freddie truck when it was running, something they claim is illegal.

But worst of all, and most shocking, they said, is that I am unrepentant. At this the judge was aghast. He was willing to believe a lot, he said, he was willing to go with the United States to a point, he said, but this was just too much. He would not have them stretch their case and malign the defendant. With a look of sorrow and anticipation he turned to me.

Continued next page



...DISCOMFORT GUIDES MY TONGUE
AND BIDS ME SPEAK OF NOTHING BUT DESPAIR.

Down and Out Continued

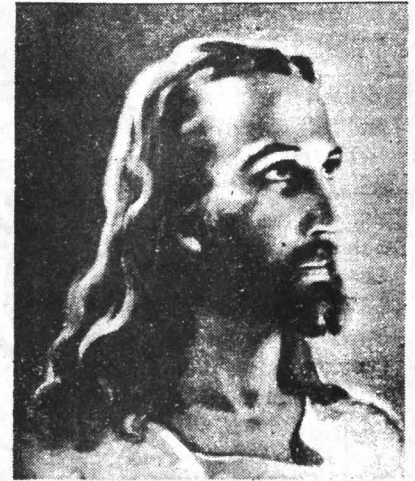
It was by now clear to me that I, through some terrible misfortune I had not even perceived, had fallen into the hands of a maddened group of lunatics, long ago abandoned by reason. I saw at once that my only chance was to do as they said and hope they did not notice I was not one of them. By this means, I reasoned, I might find an opportunity of escape.

The judge was demanding that I speak, and peered at me sadly. He had a pale and downtrodden look about him, and it seemed his duty pained him immensely. As I am a warm and accomodating soul, I resolved to cheer him up, and so told him a story about how one time a bunch of corrupt, money-mongering, cowardly, bootlicking, power-seeking, job falling down on, lame ass, sorry ass, kiss ass Forest Service employees had planned a timber sale that would have consigned a rare plant to certain extinction in Idaho, and how some of my friends and I exposed the cover-up and killed the sale.

Another reason I told the story, aside from my altruistic and brotherly motives, was because I was very hungover and embarrassed by the odor of beer nuts and bourbon that hung about me, and when I get this way I often am articulate on no subject at all except for Forest Service corruption. On this I have a library of facts, figures and anecdotes, all in my head and ready for use at any moment, sleeping or awake. Even in the rare moments when I am sober, I have found that I can expound upon this topic, albeit with a limited lucidity.

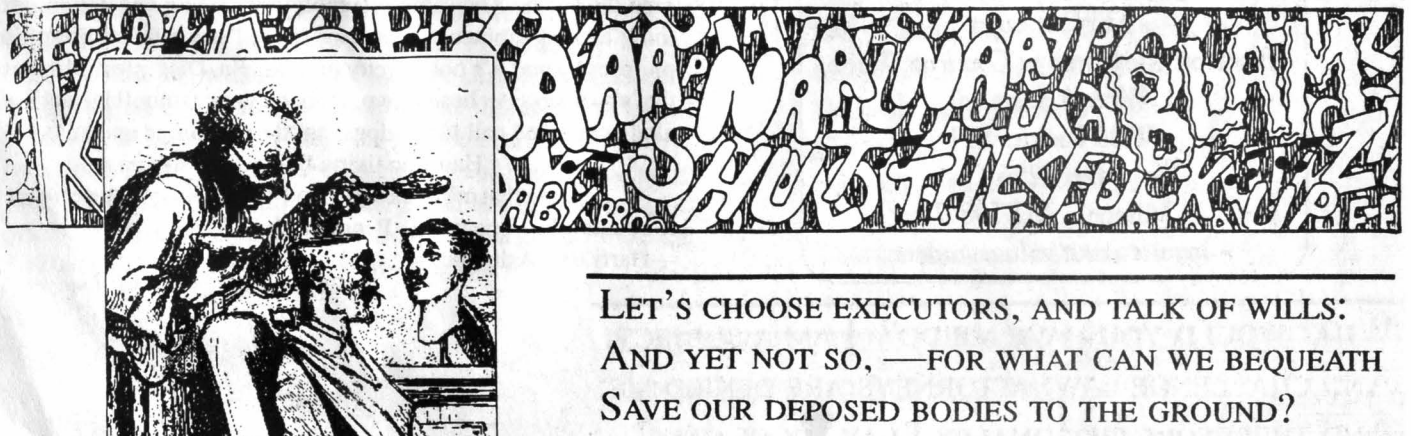
Anyway, at the conclusion of my speech, I was abruptly rescued from the grip of my deranged accusers and hastily taken to these underground chambers, from where I send this missive. I have made many new friends here and I receive wonderful attentions from my hosts and hostesses. In fact, reader, a whole battalion of people attend to my needs, night and day. I am fed promptly, I never am asked to cook a meal or wash a dish, and I am permitted time to engage in many relaxing enterprises. I have a library at my disposal and the lighting is most excellent, 24 hours a day.

I have not yet met that nameless benefactor who has provided these services, but I am certain that it was he who arranged for my rescue from the courthouse. My transport here was done in a very secret and secure manner, and afforded no opportunity for capture by my enemies, who must be numerous and well armed, judging from the protection my attendants seem to think is required. Indeed, I have been placed in some sort of bunker, from which my accusers could never capture me, it is so well protected. I am sure my host will know when it is once again safe for me to travel freely in society, and he will notify me. And I'm sure he will be watching over me for a long time, should I need further rescue or protection from those demented men and their hallucinations, who call themselves "The United States of America."



Ryberg

Editor's note: Erik has once again been loosed (by that same heartless and uncaring government that has emptied mental institutions nation-wide) and he has been left to wander the streets aimlessly, babbling and touching himself. Let us all work together to end this scourge. Erik is our spring poster-activist for this year, and with your donation of \$25 or more you will receive a portrait-quality print of this hapless young man. Please send checks or money orders to the Baby Birds Foundation POB 9286 Missoula, MT 59807. 🐦



LET'S CHOOSE EXECUTORS, AND TALK OF WILLS:
AND YET NOT SO, —FOR WHAT CAN WE BEQUEATH
SAVE OUR DEPOSED BODIES TO THE GROUND?

See What I Mean? There's More of Them.

continued from page 3

length of time went beyond that prescribed by the US constitution for my case to be tried. That did not mean an automatic dismissal but it helped my case and, subsequently, all charges against me were dropped.

I would also like to mention the subject of restitution to the roadbuilding co. (Highland Enterprises Inc. of Grangeville). I would never have given those Mother Earth Raping bastards any money if I had been convicted, and I do not believe that all the other defendants will do so either. Some may, but not all. Those who do obviously have their priorities mixed up. We are, each one of us humans, only a blurry blip on this world and our time in jail, though mourned and noticed by other humans, has no direct effect on the planet, save for the extra resources used to keep us there. Those who pay money to Highland are being consumed by self pity and pathetic worry over spending a small fraction of their insignificant lives in jail. It may not be a pleasant and healthy place to be but at least we aren't supporting the further rape of Mother Earth.

I hope to see you back in the Cove next summer Onan. Until then stay sane and keep up the fight for all that is wild and free.

Peace, love and anarchy,

—Deer Runs Away



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Dear Moanin' Onan:

Cove Mallard will never be like Clayoquot; we'll never get that many people out here. I'll be around though and I *will* be telling people how to behave. Obviously some people need to be told.

Furthermore, my ass is so pretty that I would never let the likes of you kiss it.

Very sincerely yours,

—Peace Nazi

Editor:

The *WRR* continues to set the highest standards for what John Davis (defending "Big" Dave from us anarchist woo-woos) called "internecine conflict." I can't wait to see Jake's published response. I'm home broke, writing the novel-as-wrench, between visits from low-humor Feds. But I'd be glad to donate more rabid art, or fill any graphics assignment by way of jolly thank-yous. The Gila is part of the Wild Rockies, isn't it? (It sure the Hell ain't Calif.!) Be sure to send me an invite for any upcoming Rugby grudge matches.

Cheerie-o, Mates

—Lone Wolf

My Dear Rhubarb:

I must admit from the start that when I gave you that piece on the Cove-Mallard free-for-all, I told you to do with it what you will. I learned never to say that to an editor, especially one with a history of mental illness. I hear you guys have nitrous pumped into the office.

If you are ever sober enough do you think you'll remember why you made that crack about the right to retribution? I'm not totally clear on it. I'd give you some shit about the lay-out but I know how sensitive you are when you come off ether.

I want to close with a little note; I hope it might help. I was feeling concern for Disgusted-in-the-Flathead and all the folks I hear echoing that concern. The abuses are many and the time is short: all must do what they can. The kind of redneck that roams free in the Northern Rockies is the type of man that doesn't discriminate between the types of people that threaten his right to rape the earth. The same mentality says first a vegetarian next thing an eco-saboteur. This two-legged has a no-compromise philosophy and it's not a pretty picture. So, Disgusted, I suggest that you keep your head down, work on your camouflage, take an akido class and call in the dogs; another season is upon us.

Harm no living thing, fuck shit up.

Does that make a koan? And quit fucking with my name; it's Ashmole—one word. Pencilhead.

—Harri Ben Ashmole

Look next page, you're not done yet.

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE ME DO? I AM A SUBJECT,
AND CHALLENGE LAW: ATTORNEYS ARE DENIED ME;
AND THEREFORE PERSONALLY I LAY MY CLAIM...

Wild Rockies Review,

There are two ways to respond to an offense. One is to engage and IDENTIFY with the offensiveness and become offensive yourself. The other is to acknowledge the offense without becoming it.

I have already responded to Onan the Barbarian's offensive article "Dilettante Activism" WRR Vol. 6 #2 '93 by being offensive myself. That was fun, yet all that can really come of it is to be sure that EVERYBODY is offended. Call me a weenie at your peril Onan! I think that it would be more constructive to sit under a tree and open up a bottle of Jim Beam. I'd like to talk to Onan about the action that he is so critical of and that I was a part of; what was beautiful about it, what was terrible about it, why I made the choices that I made, the choices I have yet to make and the assumptions that he made that are incorrect.

Now as for Peacenazism, for a moment it seemed I had found my true political identity! There is something very appealing to me about the incongruous notion of totalitarian nonviolence. I had my emblem all ready to stencil onto my armband when...I had to reconsider. A Swastika Peace sign could REALLY offend some dedicated nonviolent activists who happen to be Jewish. Also, some of my neighbors out here in the rural hills of Ideeho might get some weird ideas. (might?) But mostly, no matter what Onan says, I just don't think that I could bring myself to do nasty things to him or to his relatives.

Love & Peace,

—Peggy Sue

Dear Wild Rockies Review:

That was the most appalling, ableist, ageist, schmagist, heterosexist, corporatist, machinist, demeanist, felonist, Magellanist, Columbusist, Country-Western Musicist, mannerist, philanderist, car sickist, Bisquickist, Jake-ist, politically challengedist, phobically extrapolatoryist, bad, paleontologically apologist, excrementally differentist, three-legged herpetologistist, and also some other things, cancel my subscription at once you fascists, Amerikkkkkkkka will fall once I get my paint bomb launcher perfected you bastards.

—Tundra

To the Editor:

One continuously hears that if ranchers and farmers are forced off the land by decreasing subsidies, then all of Montana will be turned into subdivisions, much to the detriment of wildlife. While subdivisions are a concern, the real threat to Montana's wildlife has been and continues to be from agriculture.

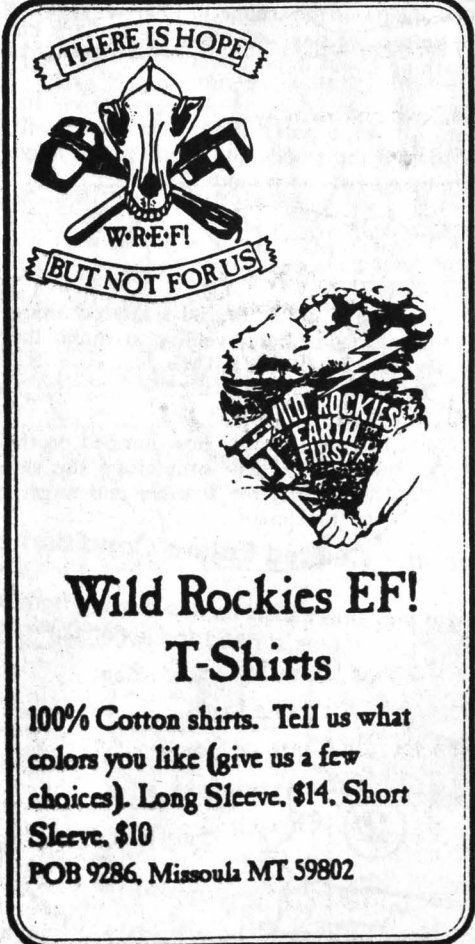
Housing, while creating a major change in landscape, occupies a relatively small amount of land. Even in California, according to state planner, only 3.6 million acres of the state is occupied by malls, subdivisions, highways and housing tracts. it is the 30 million acres devoted to croplands and 50 million acres grazed by livestock that has destroyed or degraded most of California's wildlife habitat, not urbanization.

Similarly, the real source for Montana's degraded landscape is not housing tracts, but agriculture. We have 18.9 million acres of land in croplands, another 50-60 million acres are grazed by domestic livestock. Agriculture is the reason wolves, bison, swift fox, black-footed ferret and a host of other species are either extinct or restricted to a small percentage of the potential habitat. Even more heavily settled areas like the Gallatin Valley are largely compromised by agriculture, not housing tracts. Much of this farm acreage would not exist without government subsidies.

Furthermore, market demands, not land supply, drive subdivisions. As land prices rise, land becomes attractive for subdivisions. There is a lot of cheap land in eastern Montana, North Dakota and other parts of the United States, but there isn't any kind of great rush to get a chunk of this paradise. People buy land in places that offer amenities, opportunities for investment, and a host of other reasons, but not simply because there is land for sale.

Subdivisions may be a problem in some places, but if you are talking about the state as a whole, then agriculture continues to be and has been the single greatest threat and source of degradation for wildlife habitat.

—George Wuerthner



THERE IS HOPE

W·R·E·F!

BUT NOT FOR US!

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LIKE PERSPECTIVES, WHICH, RIGHTLY GAZ'D UPON,
SHOW NOTHING BUT CONFUSION

The existing condition of the area is described in Chapter Three. With a few exceptions, the land is unroaded and undeveloped. That would change with implementation of this project.

From that day all through the summer of 1866, the Little White Chief was engaged in a relentless guerrilla war. None of the numerous wagon trains, civilian or military, that moved along the Bozeman Road was safe from surprise attacks. Mounted escorts were spread thin, and the soldiers soon learned to expect deadly ambushes. Soldiers assigned to cut logs a few miles from Fort Phil Kearny were under constant and deadly harassment.

As the summer wore on, the Indians developed a supply base on the upper Powder, and their grand strategy soon became apparent—make travel on the road difficult and dangerous, cut off supplies for Carrington's troops, isolate them, and attack.

Red Cloud was everywhere.

High Back Bone and Yellow Eagle sometimes worked with young Crazy Horse in planning their elaborate decoys. Early in the Moon of Popping Trees they began tantalizing the woodcutters in the pinery and the soldiers guarding the wagons which brought wood to Fort Phil Kearny.

On December 6, a day with a cold wash of air flowing down the slopes of the Bighorns, High Back Bone and Yellow Eagle took about a hundred warriors and dispersed them at various points along the pinery road. Red Cloud was with another group of warriors who took positions along the ridgetops. They flashed mirrors and waved flags to signal the movements of the troops to High Back Bone and his decoys. Before the day was over, the Indians had the Bluecoats dashing about in all directions.

In the first gray light of dawn, a party of warriors started off in a wide circuit toward the wood-train road, where they were to make a feint against the wagons.

they began laying a great ambush.

The decoys scattered along the slope, jumping, zigzagging, and yelling to make the soldiers believe they were frightened.

Crazy Horse and the other decoys now jumped on their ponies and began riding back and forth along the slope of Lodge Trail Ridge, taunting the soldiers and angering them so that they fired recklessly.

D. Existing and Desired Future Condition

Forest Plan implementation means moving from an existing forest condition toward a desired future condition. This creates a need for action.

there will be no peace. . . . The Great Spirit raised me in this land, and has raised you in another land. What I have said I mean. I mean to keep this land." 15

Incidents such as this, combined with Red Cloud's continuing war, which had brought civilian travel to an end through the Powder River country, had a strong effect upon the United States government and its high military command. The government was determined to protect the route of the Union Pacific Railroad, but even old war dogs such as General Sherman were beginning to wonder if it might not be advisable to leave the Powder River country to the Indians in exchange for peace along the Platte Valley.

This was all very humiliating and embarrassing to the Great Warrior Sherman and the commissioners.

At last the reluctant War Department issued orders for abandonment of the Powder River country. On July 29 the troops at Fort C. F. Smith packed their gear and started marching southward. Early the next morning Red Cloud led a band of celebrating warriors into the post, and they set fire to every building. A month later Fort Phil Kearny was abandoned, and the honor of burning was given to the Cheyennes under Little Wolf. A few days after that, the last soldier departed from Fort Reno, and the Powder River road was officially closed.

After two years of resistance, Red Cloud had won his war.

Review CLASSIFIED

LOOKING FOR ACTIVISTS defending the Greater Salmon Selway Ecosystem who are interested in forming a co-operative yet autonomous living arrangement in the wild region between the Lost River Valley and Salmon Mountain Range. Presently in the research/idea exchange process, but looking to implement a situation by late fall that may involve renting land or a structure on several acres. Please submit an informal rant of your ideals and goals regarding community building, tribal lifestyle, or whatever your specific trip may be. Eventually, we'd like to see a self-sufficient activist haven and/or ecology center. Many wild possibilities. Send to: Salmon LOBAG, c/o *Wild Rockies Review* POB 9286 Missoula, MT 59807

FOR SALE OR TRADE: 1991 Subaru All-WD wagon, low miles, gray, front end just rebuilt. Will trade for 33 running 1972 Datsun 510 sedans, or \$10,000 cash. Contact Cove/Mallard Coalition POB 8968 Moscow, ID 83843

WAG T-SHIRTS for sale, cheap. Defunct direct action group for saving charismatic megafauna has left piles of shirts behind. Short sleeve \$5, long sleeve \$7. Ask what you want, we'll give you what we can. c/o WRR POB 9286 Missoula, MT 59802

.....
 • Send your letters *expressing Dismay and Regret* to:
 • *Vivisector* c/o Chancellor Charles Young, UCLA
 • 2147 Murphy Hall, 405 Hilgard
 • Los Angeles, CA 90024
 • (213) 825-2121
 •

The Awful and Ineluctable Reality of Evil:

UCLA Brain Research Institute vivisectors Jennifer Buchwald, Nathaniel Buchwald, Michael Chase, Michael Levine, Jaime Villablanca and Charles Woody have been engaged in some amusing pursuits lately. Among others, here are a few of their latest crimes:

Bolting kittens' heads to steel frames for up to ten hours; forcing cats to remain awake until exhaustion; injecting one-day old kittens with speed; mutilating cats surgically, paralyzing them with drugs, then shocking their unanesthetized nerves; tormenting cats by repeated electrical shocks, noise and/or flashing lights; drilling screws into cats' skulls, then repeatedly hitting the cats between their eyebrows with a mechanical hammer; tying cats into body bags and forcing them to lie in their own feces and urine; sucking out all or part of cats' brains; destroying kittens' hearing, then placing them in an isolation chamber until thirty cries are heard...

For more information, contact Last Chance for Animals 18653 Ventura Blvd. Suite 356 Tarzana, CA 91356.



Buchwald

The vicious cruelty that marred the...lines of the mouth...a pallid mask of chalk with leaden eyes...bestial, sodden and unclean...in the eyes there was a look of cunning, and in the mouth the curved wrinkle of the hypocrite... —Wilde

Pony Up, or We Sell Fang, Elvis, Little P, Miki, Boog, Molly, Baggy et al. to Jennifer Buchwald for Scientific Experiments.



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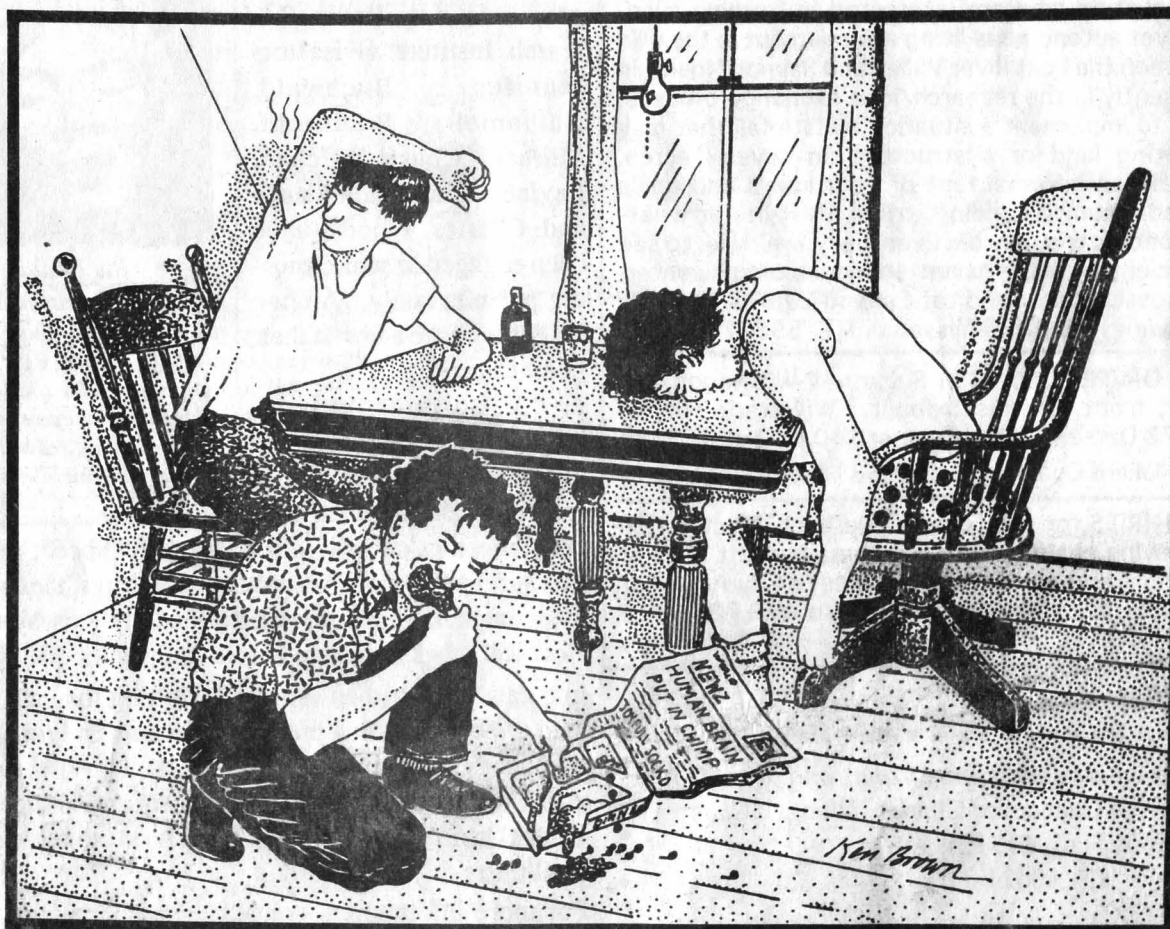
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"I TREMBLE FOR MY COUNTRY WHEN I REFLECT THAT GOD IS JUST."

—THOMAS JEFFERSON



LIFESTYLES OF THE RANK AND FERAL

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